



TO MY DIAMOND RING.

My companion, bright stone, how much I prize thee
For recalling to mind the joys of the past—
How oft to my "uncle's" care I have consigned thee;
When companions "went back," thou wast true to the last.
On thee for a "stake" I could always depend,
When cards run so rough and fortune was cruel;
For I knew in my ring I still had a friend,
And ever I have thee, my dearly loved jewel.
When dull and alone, how oft I have cheered me
With thy bright flashing light so clear and so blue,
Which banished the woes that hovered around me,
By recalling the scenes we've together been through.
And again I pass over in fond recollection
The pleasures, alas! that now have all fled,
And again I grow gay on the strength of reflection,
Altho' the loved scenes are remembered as dead.
For the sake of the donor still more do I prize thee,
As a pledge of her friendship and womanly love,
And that Fate may ever permit me to wear thee,
Is one of my prayers ascending above.

THE SHARPERS FOILED;
OR,
PLOTS UNMASKED,
AND
VILLAINY DEFEATED.
EMBRACING
Fast Life Scenes in New York,
IN WHICH
The Gambler, The Harlot, The Tricky Lawyer, The Re-
vengeful Vi and, The Designing Woman,
AND OTHER INIQUITOUS CHARACTERS
ARE
TRUTHFULLY DEPICTED.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. GUS VISITS H. STREET.

"Who knows," said Mr. Mordant to St. Cecil, about ten o'clock one evening, as they stood on Broadway, "Who knows but Susan may have got into H. street?" Gus had been engaged in searching for Susan, and was still engaged in the pursuit.
"It might be possible," responded St. Cecil.
"Let's take a look through the cribs," said Gus; and acting on the suggestion, the two gentlemen pursued their way to this street, well known in this great metropolis as the headquarters of what might be termed the third-class houses of prostitution. From Centre street to Broadway almost every other house was a place of this description. A long row of glass shades indicated the doors, and from within, the sounds of pianos issued. Towards the centre of the street stood a house, the exterior of which was more pretentious than its neighbors; a light hung over the door, and on its sides were inscribed the name. To this house did the two gentlemen wend their way, and running up the stoop, Gus gave a sharp pull at the inner door bell. A slide in the door was almost instantly opened, a female face appeared, the door was opened, and our two "rounders" coolly swaggered in. As they entered the back room, they involuntarily paused for a moment, to gaze at the busy scene that met their view. It may possibly be of interest to some, to have a slight description of one of these "houses." The rooms on the floor were two—the front one occupied as a parlor, the back room as a bar and sitting room. The parlor was furnished with that degree of taste that indicates a woman's hand. A carpet, the figures of which were of a rich crimson hue, gave no sound when trod upon. Sofas and chairs were arranged around, and a splendid mirror extended from the ceiling to the floor, in the space between the two windows in front. Oil paintings, the subjects of which were not calculated to please the prudish, hung from the walls, and a fine chandelier was suspended from the centre of the ceiling. The back room was furnished plainer, with the exception of the bar, which was got up in the most magnificent style. As our oyster house critics would say, the *tout ensemble* was magnificent, and calculated to bewilder and dazzle the frequenters of the establishment. Some half a score of gaily-dressed, gaily-dressed damsels were scattered about the rooms, some engaged in showing off their forms by parading arm in arm; others seated, in conversation with men, and others engaged at the bar in drinking, while all were laughing, chattering, and singing.
"Why, Gus," cried a frail fair one, a little chubby girl of some twenty years, with an appearance of beauty that not even her life-debasing occupation had been sufficient to efface. "Why, Gus, how glad I am to see you," and she threw her arms around him in a most loving embrace.
"Hullo, Annie," replied Gus, freeing himself, "where have you been?"
"Who is that monkey-faced fellow with you?" queried Annie, in a low tone.
"A flat," rejoined Gus, bent on a joke; "rope him in." And much to Mordant's amusement, little Annie immediately seized on St. Cecil, and *vi et armis* conveyed him to a sofa, where she ensconced herself upon his lap, and began a conversation highly spiced with words unmentionable to ears polite. Gus sauntered through the rooms, interchanging a word with each of the courtesans, all of whom seemed to regard him with particular favor, and at the invitation of one of them, whom he addressed as Jenny, he seated himself and began to converse with her. Hardly had he got fairly seated, however, when a tremendous noise over head, attracted his attention, voices were heard in angry dispute, and the next moment a tall, slab-sided Yankee, whose vest and pants were evidently on visiting terms with his collar, came dashing into the bar room.

He rushed straight to the bar, and brought his fist down on the counter with a crash that caused the glasses and decanters to topple like dancing jacks.
"See here, stranger," roared the Yankee, "dew yew purtend to insinuate that you keep a respectable kind of a tavern? 'Cause if you do, you lie."
"What's the matter with you?" very naturally asked the imperturbable bar-keeper.
"Matter! There's matter enough to keep a whole village of cotton-mills in excitement a month. Matter! Why, I'll tell ye—one of your kitchen gals here has been a tryin' to rob me." A roar of laughter broke from the crowd who had gathered around, for they now began to perceive that the Yankee was unmistakably veridical.
"Pray explain, my friend," said Gus, very seriously, "and perhaps we may be able to do something for you."
"Wall, stranger," said the Yankee, "I never was in New York afore this afternoon in my life. When I'm to hum, I lives in the town of Quohog, State of Rhode Island, which I calculate is one of the spryest States to be found."
"Go on with your story," cried several of the crowd, somewhat impatiently.
"Wall, don't go to hurryin' a feller," replied the Yankee, now somewhat cooler. "Wall, tew days ago my old man she says to me, 'Joel—you see, strangers, my name is Joel Wildbriar; my dad called me Joel 'cause my grand-dad's name was Joel, and he expected to get a right smart piece o' meadow-land from the old man on that account.'"
"Never mind your name, come to the point, come to the robbery," cried several of the crowd, while others stood by, intensely amused at the Yankee's way of getting to the point.
"Wall, as I said, the old woman 'lows, Joel, the old man and I have agreed to let you go down to New York." "Have you though?" says I, feelin' mighty tickled. "Yes," says she, "you're old enough now to take care of yourself, so we'll let you go." Wall, I was so pleased that I couldn't do any work the hull day; but I got my baggage all packed up, and the next day my uncle he gives me a gold watch, and dad he gives me a twenty-dollar bill; darned if he didn't, gents; and you needn't laugh a bit," continued the Yankee.
"Go on," roared the crowd.
"Wall, I got down aboard the steamboat, and I had enough to do for two or three hours to look around and see things. After a while I goes to bed—a little bunk on the third shelf of a row that run around the cabin. Wall, the next mornin' I rolled out about five o'clock, and I couldn't find my butes. I searched around a spell, and finally I seed the blackest of all created critters a sittin' and a watchin' a hull row of butes and shoes, that was ranged up like Capt. Josh Doolittle's trainin' company. Do you know Captain Josh?" suddenly inquired the Yankee of Gus.
"No, can't say I do," replied our friend. "Pity—'cause he's a 'nation smart man. Wall, this darkey, as I was tellin' you of, wouldn't give me my butes until I'd paid him a good square ninepence, York shillin'; I submit to the 'position cause I was in a mighty hurry, and I got my butes on, and was on deck just as the boat was belin' tied to the wharf. There was the darndest lot o' fellers on that wharf, with whips, that ever I did see. I concluded we'd all dun sumthin', and was goin' to get whaled like blazes. As soon as I stepped off the boat, thou—Oh! well there—they lighted on me like a blue-fish on a mummy-chog. I should judge, strangers, that 'ordin to the noise they made every buildin' in this city is a hotel. After a considerable deal of scrimmaging and scrouging around, I got clear of 'em, and perambulates myself up the street. I hadn't got far afore I seed a feller a picking up a pocket book that looked just as full o' money as it could be. 'See here, sir,' says the chap, coming up to me kind o' low like, 'have you dropped a pocket-book?' 'No,' sez I, lookin' him straight in the eye. 'I haint, nor I don't want to find none nuther, because I read the papers.' Wall, stranger, you'd a thought that feller would a fell thro' himself, but he didn't. It weren't long afore I found a tavern, and I puts myself outside of an all-fired good breakfast. After that I took a strole, and looked about the town a considerable spell. Considerable of a village this, stranger," continued the Yankee addressing Gus.
"Quite a place," responded Mordant, "but fire up with your story."
"Wall, it come night, and I got a wanderin' round, and I drank considerable of a smart deal o' spirits in the course of my perambulations. After a while I gins to get so all-fired sleepy that I looks around for a lodgin' place for the night. I see an all-fired big light over the door of this house, and I concludes to come in, and come in I did. When I got in, I sees a nice lot o' people around here, and I thinks they've got the all-firedest lot o' gals that I ever did see. Bim-by—'twasn't long nuther—one of the females come and axed me to go up stairs. I says of course—sposin she meant tew show me a room, and I was a wonderin' like all-possessed beow on a right nice lookin' room, with a big bed in it. I goes in, and I'll be swobbed if the gal didn't come in tew. Thinks I, Joel, you must steer her acout, and I pulls off my butes. What did she dew but takes some of the big ribbons out of her hair. Then I takes off my coat, and then sez she, 'we'll attend to the cash if you please;' sez I, 'what's the damage?' sez she, 'whatever you please.' Thinks I, well, that's first-rate, and I hauls out a three dollar bill, and sez I, 'take your change out of that,' and sez she, 'thank you,' and she stowed it away somewhere, and I'll be darned if she didn't begin to undress. 'Jehu Jewhilkins!' sez I, 'what on aith ar' you a doin'?' 'What's the matter?' sez she, kinder laffin'. 'I want my change,' sez I. 'Never give any change,' sez she; 'three dollars for a bed,' sez I. 'Certainly,' sez she, and with that I begun to get riled. 'Give me my money back,' sez I. 'Shan't dew it,' sez she, and with that I pulls on my butes, knocks over the bureau, and rushed down, here for satisfaction."
A burst of laughter went up from the crowd as the Yankee concluded his story, and various facetious suggestions were made to him. At length the girl herself made her appearance, and after a careful consideration, the crowd decided that the girl should return half the money to the Yankee, and he treat the crowd. To this he consented, and peace and order once more reigned in the "Gem."
"Ah! Gus," said black-haired Annie, as he was departing, "you come not as you once did."
"True, Annie," replied Gus, "for I am growing moral." St. Cecil and Mordant visited in succession the whole line of houses that graced H. street. It is needless for us to describe the many incidents that befell them, for he

who has been the rounds in New York, needs no description, and he who has not, had better not commence.
CHAPTER XVIII.
THE BURGLARY.
"Robert," said Harry Lorrimer to the boy, as they sat conversing before a crackling wood-fire, "Robert, that box contains the last that remains to remind me of my mother."
The boy had questioned him concerning the contents of a small iron box that stood on a table by the side of his bed.
"Your mother?" said the boy.
"Yes; bring it here, that I may once more gaze on those features so dear to me," said Harry.
The boy did as desired, and Harry applied his thumb to the hinge of the box, and the lid flying open, revealed a miniature of a woman's face; the setting of the likeness was in itself a small fortune, for the most brilliant of jewels encased it; the portrait was that of a young and lovely creature, who bore on her face unmistakable marks that proclaimed her to be the mother of our hero.
For a moment did he gaze upon it in silence, and then, as recollections of her kindness and her love, her care and devotion to him, came over him, the strong man felt a swelling of the heart, and a moistening of the eye. And we feel none the less respect for him that such was the case, for he is not man who cherishes no love for her who gave him birth.
"You loved your mother, sir?" said Robert, very gently.
"Loved her? did you not love yours?"
"Alas!" responded the lad, mournfully, "I never knew a mother's care."
"Poor boy, poor boy, I pity thee; from my soul I do."
"I have loved my mother in my dreams; when I was young, my father oft-times spoke of her, and he pictured her so truly that it seems as if she stood before me," said Robert, with deep emotion.
"Ah! fancy pictures equal not the reality; come, put this away, Robert, and I will retire," replied Lorrimer.
It was midnight, and the household was buried in deep repose. The night was very dark and cold, and the black clouds overhead betokened that a heavy storm was brewing. In front of the house of Lorrimer, stood two men and a small boy; they were well wrapped up in coats and mufflers to protect them from the weather, and all had huge caps which, pulled down, effectually concealed their features.
"Costy," said the tallest of the three, in whom we recognize our old acquaintance, Stiles, "Costy, it's a leery night for a crack."
"Blowed if it ain't, if the beaks ain't someveres around," replied Costy.
"Exercise your trotters for a block, open your winkers, and see if you can twig the pealers or a cilt a movin' around," said Mr. Stiles.
Costy did as desired, and started off at a rapid pace to see if he could discover any of our famous metropolitans or citizens in the neighborhood. Soon, however, he returned with the intelligence that all was clear, and then the three proceeded to their work. Mr. Stiles ascended the stoop, and initiated an examination of the front door. Finding, however, that this was very secure, he returned, and the three leaped into the area. Stiles then carefully examined this door, pressing heavily on every portion of it.
"D—n the door," he muttered, vexatiously, "it's doubly locked and bolted. Come here, my young flyer," and catching the lad up in his arms, he raised him to a level with the fan-light above the door.
"Now, my downy, can you squirm through the vacant?" inquired Stiles.
"Yes, cap, like a eel," answered the boy.
Stiles then sat him down, and straightway the stripling removed his outer coverings. He shivered visibly from the cold, but made no complaint. Stiles again raised him, and the little 'un (as Costy termed him) stood firmly on his shoulders; then, with a fine, sharp saw, did the boy begin to cut through the wood-work of the sash. The tool was so excellently tempered, and the workmanship so good, that the operation was almost noiseless. Already was his job half done, when the voice of Stiles suddenly muttered "Hist!" and he instantly ceased his labor.
"Didn't you hear something?" inquired M. P. No. 2000, of a comrade, as they passed the house.
"It's the wind, nothing else," and they passed on.
"Go on," cried Stiles to the boy; and the lad soon accomplished his work, leaving at two of the corners a slight interstice unsealed. Then the lad applied a long gimlet to the frame, and quickly bored clear through. The use of this was apparent, for, grasping the handle, the lad gave a slight but sudden jerk, and the whole frame fell into his arms. Rapidly and silently the boy passed it down, and then proceeded to squirm his body through the aperture. In another moment Stiles and Costy heard the sound of keys being turned and bolts withdrawn, and then the door opened, and the three burglars stood together in the hall of the house.
"Quick, the bull's eye," growled Stiles, and straightway that individual lit a small lantern, being careful to allow its light to fall on the wall only. "Now, flyer, stir your trotters through the sculleries, and see if any wenches are stowed there."
Cautiously did the boy execute his mission, and he returned with the intelligence that no one was in the kitchen.
"Well, then, Costy, you and me'll toddle up stairs. Flyer, you lie below for beakers; if you shut your winkers once, mind, d—n me if I won't cut your nozzle off," with which menacing threat the two elder burglars ascended the steps.
The course pursued by the boy on their departure was one that indicated a perfect freedom from that obsolete idea, that "a man must not take what is not his," for the youth proceeded coolly to the closet of the first basement, which he ransacked thoroughly, dragging therefrom and pocketing the silver spoons and other articles. Next he proceeded to another closet; into this he dove his arm, and it came out with a huge suspicious-looking bottle at the end of it. Rapidly uncorking it, the boy took a hearty swig, and replaced the bottle in the pantry; "cos," he murmured, "I knows how Costy is, and it vud be dangerous to tempt 'em."
Meanwhile the two elder villains proceeded cautiously up the stairs.
"Walk close to the wall," said Stiles, "the steps won't give and crack."
"All right, Cap," responded Costy; "hadn't I better douse the glim?"
"No, only show the slide around more—this must be the room," observed Stiles, stopping at Harry's door; "the door's locked, too."
"Never mind," responded Costy, "I've got a picker,"

and straightway he introduced a small bit of iron wire, fashioned like a key. "Douse the glim," said he, as the door opened, and Stiles turned the slide clear around, so that no light shone from the lantern. "Keerful, keerful," said Costy, as with noiseless tread the twain stepped into the room. They paused for a moment, and as Harry's heavy breathing met their ear, Stiles whispered, "he's sound, but give him the sponge." Stealthily did Costy almost creep across the floor to the bed, then taking a small sponge from his pocket, he bent over the sleeping man, and applied it for an instant to his nose. A faint, sickly odor at once pervaded the room, and Harry rolled over totally unconscious.
"Turn on the light," cried Costy, as soon as he had accomplished this delicate task. "What a werry nice thing for us it is, that ether was disklivered, it saves a man's conscience so much."
Stiles had again turned the lantern slide, and a vivid light was thrown on all the lower portion of the room. Casting a rapid glance around, "no one here," he muttered, "all right, and here's the box," which he at once deposited in his pocket.
"Any things, Costy?" he inquired, as he saw that individual actively engaged in a diligent search of the clothes of the stupified man.
"One tucker, roll of flimseys, yaller boys only one, and a few of the whites," responded Costy, in the highly poetical and figurative language through which gentlemen of free habits express their ideas.
"Well, make haste," growled Stiles, "'cause I've got my plunder."
"Hain't ve better wisit the remainder of the rooms?"
"No, we have enough; this box is all we came for, you know."
It was not long ere the two villains descended once more to the basement, where they discovered their young "flyer" seated at a table, coolly discussing the contents of a bottle of wine and the remains of a fine boiled ham. He was on the alert, however, and listened eagerly for every sound.
The sight of the delicacies seemed to have a wonderful effect on Costy, for he straightway seized the bottle, and gave a hearty pull at its contents. Stiles was about to follow his example, when a sign from the boy caused him to pause, and turning, he saw standing in the door a lad attired simply in a shirt and pants, and who was gazing fixedly at them. To think was to act. Like a lion did Stiles spring on the lad, and thrusting the sponge under his nose held him with a vice-like grip.
"What'll we do with him, Grand?" asked Costy.
"We must take him along, or he'll be a bad witness," responded Stiles, as the boy fell lifeless in his arms.
"Here, you young flyer, strip off one o' your coats, you can do just as well." Without a murmur the boy acquiesced, and a warm coat was soon wrapped around the unconscious form of the unlucky intruder.
Silently and rapidly then did the three marauders steal from the house, and carefully did they cast a searching glance around. It was snowing heavily, and the winds whistled mournfully.
"Which way?" asked Costy, who had the unconscious lad in his arms.
"Broome street—that's the nearest," replied Stiles, and the party sped rapidly through the Second Avenue and Christie street to the desired location. But one officer was met on the route, and he was thinking so profoundly that he paid no attention to the party, whom Stiles conducted to a neat brick house, and rapping loudly at the door, summoned thereto an exceedingly ill-favored rascal, who cried, as he gazed inquiringly at the party, "Vell, my coves, vot's up?"
"We've cracked to-night, and here's a young lark that spotted us, and we've brought 'm 'long so he von't shake his red-rag too much," answered Stiles, and the whole party entered.
When Mr. Lorrimer awoke the next morning, and found the boy, Robert, and all his valuables gone, he gave utterance to his thoughts.
"I shall never put any faith in Lavater's doctrines again, for who would have thought that boy was a thief!"
TO BE CONTINUED.

FIRST BATTLE SENSATIONS.

A young Union soldier, who took part in the battle of Pikeville, Kentucky, sent to his friends in Cincinnati the following graphic description:
"And now for my share in the battle. I was riding along somewhat carelessly, when crack! crack! crack! went their rifles, and down fell our men. Crack! crack! crack! they came. Off I jumped from my horse, when along came the Major, and gave me his horse to hold; but I soon hitched them both to a tree down by the river, and sprang again up the bank, when whiz! went a bullet past my face, about three inches from it, and made me draw my head back in a hurry, I can assure you. I looked up the hill, but could see no one for the smoke, which was plenty, so I levelled in the direction of the enemy and fired—loaded again and fired. I got my rifle in readiness again. Ah! that ball was pretty close. Here comes another—buzz, buzz—(you can hear their whiz for fully a hundred yards as they come) get out of the way. But where is it to go to? Whew! that was close. But, great God! it has gone through a man's shoulder within a few yards of me. He falls! some of his comrades pick him up.
"Now a horseman comes past in a hurry. He is right opposite me—when whiz! crack! a ball strikes his horse in the fore-shoulder. Off tumbles the man—down falls the horse stiffened out and dead. If the bullet had gone through the animal, it would doubtless have struck me.
"Here comes a dozen more. How they whiz as they go past. 'Load and fire! load and fire!' is the order—and load and fire it is. My notice was especially drawn to a very fine-looking man, who stood close to me, and he truly acted like a hero—loading and firing just as if he was on parade—when whiz! whiz! comes a bullet. My God! how close; it almost stunned me. When I looked towards my soldier, I saw his comrades lifting him up. He was shot through the breast, and died in less than half an hour. Oh! the horrors of war! Vengeance on the heads of those who initiated it.
"I directed my attention up the hill; a little puff of smoke was dying away. 'Boys,' said I, to the squad of his fellows, 'you see that smoke; aim for it—a rebel's in its rear.' I raised my Enfield and glanced through its sights, when I for a moment caught sight of a man through the bushes and smoke there. Crack went our guns, and all was over.
We crossed to the place afterwards, and found the man's body. He had four out of twelve musket balls, and one Enfield rifle ball—mine—as mine was the only rifle ball fired. They all went through him—either of which would have killed him—mine through his breast. Thank God! I had done my duty for the poor fellow who fell beside me.

professing a prosperous and merry trade, and was the most important and notorious impostor of persons. Billingsgate dwelt in his blame, the weakly heroic character his praise. He was an admitted swindler, because some folk thought he was a necessity. Happily, however, he had a better share of his policy, and left the field another class of writers, more guarded and polished in their language, eschewing abuse altogether, but as unwise in their enmity as the men they have succeeded. They are yet to be found, and by adopting a sort of French style, and making a sorry pretense to French genius in the relation, continue to give a bad name to the papers on which they are employed, and to earn some payable money for themselves. How different has the case been with the *Clippers*! Impartiality has ever been obvious there, and actors have been spoken of precisely as they are. You will forgive me, sir, if I have been somewhat diffuse on a subject I intended to dismiss with a few words, and only touched on as a preliminary to another subject in regard to which your conduct has been as praiseworthy as it is possible by could be. I speak of the unjust warfare which has been waged and is still being waged against the concert saloons of New York. There is a call, as you know, for the suppression of the entertainments given at these places, and which, for years past, have been part and portion of the entertainments of the public, and from their very nature, imputed goodness at the moment they amuse. It is presumed by fanatical or interested persons that they are immoral, but question why, and the odds are that nobody will be able to answer soon. Immoral, forsooth! Yet, granted (for the sake of argument) that they are so, through a few of their surroundings, is not the same objection to be urged against the surroundings of the parties engaged in the amusement? Is it not notorious that the amusements are daily made in our newspapers, to be partly worked out at our theatres on Broadway? But who touches those theatres? Surely, not the gentlemen who, in their legislative capacity, would strike a blow at the equally sinful, though perhaps more democratic pastimes of our concert saloons. Soberly to this onslaught, it has been whispered (and I, being an old player, and accustomed to look which way the wind was, pulled, fully concur in the rumor) that the managers of our already named fashionable theatres in our midst have had a hand in the movement against the concert saloons; their incentive to which action is traceable to the prosperity of the latter places. No words can sufficiently deprecate such a proceeding; viewing as we must the liberal patronage which has been bestowed on these theatres, and the proper duty of the persons connected with them to entertain feelings of good-fellowship towards all their brother professionals. But the unfairness complained of is an old trait of the managerial character—that is the fashionable and long prosperous managerial character. There was a time (as thousands of the readers of the *Clippers* will remember) when, in England, the laudable endeavors of men to afford dramatic amusements to the people were vexatiously interfered with by managers who held themselves solely authorized in the premises by a hypothetical grant or patent. But the pressure from without was too strong for these men, and they were obliged to cave in at last, the result being free trade in the mental recreation of the millions. Why the opposite spokes of, and more directly concerning ourselves, might be soon explained. Gentlemen, perhaps the suddenly elevated to legislative honors, etc., officials having newspapers to control, naturally felt flattered by the courtesies afforded them at fashionable theatres; by the polite salutations in the streets from fashionable managers; or by an invitation to enjoy the elegant and comfortable accommodations of their residences up town. The mahogany is a mighty center of brotherhood among some men, and it is not too much to suppose that it has induced much of the outcry raised against our concert saloons. It is to be hoped, however, that popular good sense will check hasty and ill-considered action on the subject, and that, in circumstances as well as in legislation, we shall be wiser than where we list. These I know, are your sentiments; also, that while the *Clippers* are the *Clippers*, they will not fail in having an able exponent in yourself.

The complimentary testimonial tendered to Miss Sarah E. Preston, at the City Assembly Rooms, on the 6th inst., saved even an ovation. Harry Pearson, E. H. Winton, James Dunn, and others of quality appeared and sang some of their own melodies. A Miss Clark sang some pretty ballads, and was loudly applauded.

GENERAL SUMMARY.
The First Delaware Volunteers have erected a theatre, a spacious building, at Camp Hammon, near Fort Mifflin. The dramatic company will be formed of several "old stars" of the most promising amateurs. The interior of the building presents the appearance of a perfect little theatre, and will seat nearly 500 persons.

Wherever there is an "Aladdin" going on, we always find that "ditty young ladies" are "want'd immediately." Such is the case just now, for instance, the Metropolitan, Rochester, N. Y., and the Baltimore and Annapolis, have both advertised for "Wheeling, Va., and are now "doing up things" for Trimble, at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

J. M. Sear, the "magician," juggles and ventriloquizes at Muscatine, Iowa, on the 13th Feb., and at Atlanta, Ill., on the 20th. Tom is also around in that vicinity, but Tom and J. M. use no sleights in their sleights.

Miss Annie Eberle, of the Continental, Philadelphia, has been compelled by illness to leave the stage temporarily, and Mrs. Kate Ryan takes her place.

Woodruff's Glass Blowers are at Troy, N. Y., and "blow up" some awfully long words while Hermann performed there lately.

Miss Fannie Farnham, who appeared on the 10th at the Melodeon, Philadelphia, after her excursion to Washington, where, generally, she was applied to as a lay lieutenant down on the Potomac. Anna Levering has so entered the boards with a great named Weir, (not Tom, the actor). So we are informed by "Will O'Whip," a Philadelphia correspondent.

Weak Nelson, the "Tm"—recently deceased in this city—is in Portsmouth, Eng., associated with Frank Diamond, a dog dancer, and Rhipelion comedian. They are said to have done very far, and were at last accomodated in negotiation with a manager to perform in Paris.

"Carson," a correspondent, thus writes from Pittsburgh, under date of Feb. 3: "The *Clippers*—Dear Sir: I have just received a new copy of your issue, and a short run entitled 'McClellan's Drama,' illustrative of the stirring events which have taken place on the Potomac during the last seven months. On Monday evening, Mr. William C. Gallagher, the soldier actor, made his first appearance for two years, in the character of Virginia, the Roman Father, and the character of 'Carson,' in 'Parricide,' and was well received. Mr. Lionel Barzard, a comedian of considerable merit, died at Columbus, Ohio, recently. Mr. B. had been brought to this city by Manager Henderson, and after playing for two or three seasons, quit the 'biz' when in connection with Dr. R. Bailton, he opened a saloon on the corner of Fifth and Wythe, and not working with the success they expected, it was given up. After playing for some time at Wm. B. Varney's, Mr. B. left the city and has gone to his last home. Peace to his ashes. The Melodeon (late Canterbury Hall) after remaining vacant for some time, is to be opened for public favor on the 5th Feb., by Mr. William Wood, late of Philadelphia. The building has been renovated and the music improved, and is to be conducted on the style of the Canterbury and Broadway Music Halls, New York. The talent, is Billy Boyd and Harry Bell as lead men; Harry Booth and J. H. Carle, baritone; Billy Thomas and Mat Gehler, comedians; L. J. Donnelly, wench dancer; Johnny Wild, the juvenile; Moss Morate and George Derich, acrobats; J. L. Davis, ballet master; Miss Mary Giffon and Mary Curran, late of the Alhambra, Philadelphia, dancers and comedians. The comedienne—'Timber' Varieties are crowded nightly and the entertainment is of the first order. Miss Charlotte Thompson, who has just finished an engagement at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, makes her first appearance in this city to night, as Camille, at the Pittsburgh theatre, supported by Manager Henderson as Armand.

Mr. John Wilkes Booth, the well-known tragedian, commenced an engagement at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on Monday, the 17th inst.

We understand that the stockholders of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, held a meeting last week, at the request of Mrs. John Drew, who has returned the rent of the theatre from \$4,200 to \$1,000, to be paid in two weeks. 'What a fall was there in our countrymen!' The reason offered for the reduction is the depressed state of business, the expenses of new scenery, wardrobe, etc. Messrs. Milward, Chandler, and Deallier were elected trustees for the year.

Baltimore seems to be a sort of "disputed ground" in more ways than in the political sense. Barney Williams and Mrs. Williams, following Miss Maggie Mitchell, have usually performed at the Holiday Street Theatre, and both parties offered their services, as previously; but Barney wanted two hundred dollars, or a clear half, as a "legal tender" for each performance. So the story goes. As for Maggie, she wanted more than the usual standard terms, as we are informed. Under these circumstances, Manager Ford trusts to luck, while Maggie and the Williams have hounded their banners at the Front Street. The stage is the only place where (all in fun) phreatic pocket books and ponderous purses are (at any time) dashed down with disdain. "How now, Master Ford?"

Wonder if Olan E. Dodge and Company are any relations to the Frenchman's fish we used to read of. Where is the Macpherson who can do justice to this Olan of the new continent? Must some Yankee invent a steam reporter? Not knowing, cannot say, but Dodge's party commences this week by dodging into Ipswich, 11th at Newburyport, 13th at Amesbury, 13th at Portsmouth, N. H., 14th at Keeneburg, N. H., and 15th at Saco. We are not advised as to Dodge's dodge on Monday next, but full houses—what the ladies call perfect jugs—attest the presence of our occasional Olan and his Yankee harp strings, wherever they go.

Romey & Newcomb's Minstrels having returned business in London on the 9th Jan., as stated in our issue of the 1st Feb., we are glad to perceive that the company is more and more confirmed among both press and people in England. James Newcomb's "bill" to the Irish here we have already recorded. All Ramsey & Newcomb's party may well be called, by the London papers, "picked men." As previously stated by us, they now number eighteen performers. H. S. Romey is now the soloist; W. Newcomb stands out as a "darker" piece in a plantation dance, Little Bobby can do the ditto, on a smaller scale, in the dress of either sex; Master Regene makes up well as a prima donna, and gives forth a rich contralto voice; Mr. Adams does the sentimental or the comic with a fine lower voice. Mr. Regene can reverberate in all corners with the greatest precision. Thus and so our old friends are winning golden opinions wherever they go, and are performing in "Lancashire."

Shady Maguire, banjo and guitar, and general performer, was married on the 10th inst. to Miss Lagrange. They are both performing at the Melodeon, in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Manager Ford's new theatre in Washington, D. C., is now opening. It will be shortly opened to the public with a well selected company. See advertisement in this department.

Of matters in Philadelphia, "Young Rapid" sends us the following summary, in a letter dated Feb. 6.—**QUICK QUERIES.**—The different places of amusement in this city have all been doing a fair business this week, except on Tuesday night, on which occasion the sleighing, being very fine, interfered materially with the show business. Since then, however, the sleighing has been less, and whenever an opportunity offers, everybody and his wife take advantage of it. At the Arch Street Theatre, John Drew is doing a very fine business indeed. The attendance is as large now as during the first week of his engagement. This is not only very flattering to the man, but to the artist; for it shows a just appreciation of true genius. Mr. Drew is one of the best Irish comic actors that has ever been seen on the American stage. As such, he has been pronounced by the press of America, England, and Ireland. The stock company at this house is one of the best I ever saw. With such names as Messrs. Drew, Baker, Taylor, Wells, and Henri, and in the male department, as John Gilbert, Ringgold, Shewell, Mortimer, Frank Drew, and Seaton, the house ought to be crowded nightly, without the addition of any "star." At the Walnut, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are in the 6th and last week of their engagement. They are immense favorites in this city; their present engagement being a proof of that. Ever since the opening night, the old Walnut has been well patronized by our citizens, making it the most profitable engagement they ever fulfilled in this city. On Monday night, these artists commenced a three week's engagement at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore. Uncle Tom's Cabin, at the Continental, has proved a perfect mint to Manager McKoon. Every night since it was first produced, a card reading "Standing Room Only," has been placed at the door before the performance commenced. The place has been put at the stage with care, and attention paid to the details. The acting, however, is creditable to the several artists. Uncle Tom, by old man Bailey, is a faithful portrait of that faithful slave, as pictured by the fair authoress. Mr. Studley's George Harris, and Ryner's Paines Fletcher, are also very well done, and nightly elicit much applause. Harry Chapman makes a very clever "stage" Yankee, and Mr. Muro's St. Clair is a truthful representation of a Southern gentleman. One of the great characters of the piece is that of Sambo, by Mr. H. Clifford. This gentleman is a very clever actor, and he deserves great credit for the attention he has paid to this part. Little Blanche Chapman makes the sweetest and most interesting Eva I ever witnessed, not forgetting Cordelia Howard's great success in this part. Miss Mary Carr's idea of a Vermont lady is very much improved. I doubt very much if such a character could be found throughout the whole State. If actors and actresses in the profession, who are in the habit of playing Yankee parts, would visit the New England States, they might form some idea of the true character of the live Yankee. Miss Annie Eberle, a very clever little actress, has been engaged here. She is a lady of good and considerable talent, and she has been very successful in Miss Jennie Parker's comedies, from her late indisposition. It is at this establishment, and as Eliza Harris, is very popular. The best played part in the whole piece is that of Topsy, by Mrs. H. Chapman. She introduces several very pretty songs, and by her spirited style of acting, makes it the very life of the piece. Mr. Solomon Davis, a gentleman well known in theatrical circles, has been secured as soloist for the American tour of the Olan House, the manager has produced his own version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Manager Sanford makes his re-appearance in this city this evening (after an absence of several months) as Happy Uncle Tom. The piece is cast with the full strength of the company, and it should enjoy a run. I. Garroves, one of the greatest comedians of the business, and a well known actor, turned to his old home. Owing to a sudden indisposition, Mr. Cool White has been unable to appear for several nights on Tuesday, the 11th, Mr. Frank Moran, one of the funniest and most original men in the profession, takes a benefit. At the Assembly Buildings there is an exhibition, a panorama entitled "America and the Pacific." The Alhambra, under the management of Mr. P. L. H. Williams, produces for his benefit, a new three-act drama, entitled "Willie Reilly, or, a Tale of Manxmen," written expressly for him by Mr. Charles Fawcett, the well known theatrical wig maker of this city. A grand Complimentary Benefit has been extended to Signor Bliz. The affair will come off on Thursday evening, Feb. 13, at the Academy of Music. The Alhambra, under the management of Mr. Miller, the last evening, having suddenly left, it is now in the hands of a Mr. Gardner and another gentleman. Mr. James Pilgrim has been appointed stage manager. Charley Whitney is engaged here, attending to the front part of the house. The Olympic is crowded every night with the lovers of cheap amusement. The Washington, the last evening, has been very successful, and the very clever in their line of business. Mons. Duvoy, one of the best contortionists in the country, is here. W. A. Way, in his predestinating act, is as attractive as ever. The Olympic is a great institution, and ought to succeed.

John E. Owens and Humphrey Blad seem to hit home very well in Washington. The last evening of a fastidious and dry good story, (conditional to the play) brings out the audience, and some of them can hardly resist going on the stage "to do a little shopping."

From British Columbia we learn that the Victoria Theatre, Vancouver's Island, was opened by John S. Potter about the beginning of December last, but was closed after four weeks of business, and the company returned to the States. The Victoria Theatre, a new and expensive house. Before leaving the Victoria, on the 30th Dec, the "Soldier's Daughter" and the "Two Buzards" were presented, the performance being under the patronage of Gov. Douglas. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Forbes, Miss Lawrence, Miss Russell, and Messrs. Potter, Mortimer, Ruby, Harris, and Webb, constituted the company. Mr. P. L. H. Williams, the well known actor, was also in Victoria. The newspapers state that many of the townspeople, miners, etc., prefer going among the square dance houses to visiting a good theatre. Rough.

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Our budget of news from St. Louis, Mo., under date of Feb. 4th, is at hand, and our correspondent "Bacon" thus discourses of things theatrical and otherwise.—**FAMOUS QUEST.**—That gentleman of "European reputation," Mr. Proctor, opened last night at the St. Louis theatre, in "Nek of the Woods," sustaining the character of the Jupiter, doing a new and very good range. The foreign trip does seem to have worn Proctor out a little, and did not look like three years had passed since I last saw him. I might have thought I had only closed my eyes for a few brief minutes, so unchanged is he in all the attributes of the "big Injun." Miss Kimberly, at the request of some of our most prominent citizens, gave several lectures at the St. Louis Soldiers, during the present week, at the Library Hall. Her public lectures, at the request, is a beautiful production, reflecting honor upon her for her noble sentiments as therein expressed. Wind and weather permitting, Chas. Fraun will open at the St. Louis theatre on the 7th inst. Alf. Bornett (who was not dead, but only sleeping) is holding forth at Wyman's Hall (Museum) where he will be succeeded, by Gen. W. H. Harrison, the well known actor, and Zoological Gardens, still gardens as much as ever with good shade of beauties, and quite a number of curiosities. At the Melodeon, Miss Vic Howard, cantatrice, is the present strongest billed attraction, though the Conklin Brothers still hold forth there, and do as much towards filling the house as any one else. Miss M. is an experienced and popular singer. The Bowery is going on as usual, with about the same people, I believe. Dodge's Varieties Music Hall is still in the ascendant, with plenty of attraction and variety. Among the new engagements are Sam Welaw, trick clown and comic singer, now here; and Wm. Rowley, comic singer and actor, who has just returned from the Bowery. Rivers' troupe; and also Miss Lizzie Walby, the three last to soon appear. These, added to the present strong company, will make it one of the best in the country. The ballet at this house, under the lead of Sig. Constantine, is superb, and the best in this city for many years. Business very good at the Varieties. Tom Cony, who has been in the city for some time, is now playing a money-act and a trapaz business. Some young man, name unknown to me, has been passing himself off here as an agent and correspondent of the *Clippers*, promising the people of the Melodeon big puffs, &c. On the strength of this he accompanied Richter in his late heira to Springfield, and altogether made a big thing of it. Nothing but my name, and a great deal of money, and a great deal of money, and when I saw his name I hope you will oblige me by inserting it. [That we will do. Managers have but themselves to blame for such impostors.—Ed. Cur.]

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A SPOONSTOM—Pittsburgh, Pa., Jan. 25, 1862. FRANK QUINN—Dear Sir:—For years I have never missed your paper for one week, unless I have happened to be where it could not be procured. I have often sent to a principal town for it when in the country travelling. I suppose there is scarcely an actor who does not regard the *Clippers* as an invaluable theatrical paper. Therefore, the professions generally, and the profession of actors in particular, and of course, would do all in their power to extend its deserved popularity and circulation. Your notice "to the profession" has called forth these few lines, and in regard thereto I offer the following suggestion. A few actors think they have occasion, and many cannot well afford to advertise to any extent; but if you would open a column for actors' addresses, I think each, at least, may, no doubt, would subscribe to it. I merely suggest this, and if I am uttering a foolish idea, why I take a back seat, I mind my own business, and read my *Clippers* weekly as heretofore. In the meantime, please insert the accompanying address to the extent of the money enclosed.

"Elia" has resumed his favors as a correspondent from Wilmington, Del., and writes as follows under date of Feb. 3.—**EDITION CURRENT.**—The Metropolitan Theatre was opened last November as a first class concert saloon, and has been doing a very fair business ever since. The following people have performed at this house since the opening.—Bob Sheppard, Bill Lacombe, Charley Kendall, Billy Thomas, Henry Beach, Johnny Wild, Low Donnelly, Jack Budd, Dan Howard, the Wallace Brothers, dramatic, variety, and pantomimic performers; Miss Elsie Fisher, La Petite Alice, Kate Clara, a very clever jig dancer; Manager Rush, Madame Clifford, Miss Nelly Clifford, Miss Annie Carr, Miss Elsie A. Carr; also Abijah, the juggler, a very clever and useful performer; and Miss Millie Francis, wire performer, also Miss Helena Smith, a very young lady, but a clever person, and several other comedians and pantomimic performers. Of the Treadwell Brothers, gymnasts and pantomimic performers, Billy Mathews, Chubb Ford, and De LaRue, Ethiopian performers; Madame Clifford, Miss Nelly Clifford, singing ladies; and Miss Annie Carr, danseuse; Professor Anderson, pianist; and Professor Dodge, on the violin—under the direction of Philip Stuckey as stage manager. Some attention will be made to this company as soon as possible; it is too small a troupe for the size of the house. The proprietors are Messrs. Kilton and Cox. The Campbell Minstrels lately opened at Old Fellows Hall with a very fair company, of which Mr. Low Gaylor, William A. Christy, and Charles A. Kendall were the particular stars. The rest of the company consisted of Dupont, ballet singer; George Ford, Frank Mathews, Lester, Sim, Hollick, balletist; Moss St., and Signor Voigt, violinist. A good company and deserving of patronage, but the times are very hard here in Wilmington, and the Old Folks coming along with Mrs. Nichols, and opening the second night after their arrival, the poor Campbell were swamped; the Old Folks certainly took the wind out of their sails. The Continental Old Folks, the last night, Feb. 1st, did a very fair business. They performed four nights, Saturday, Feb. 1st, being their last; they left for Westchester. There is a concert room in King street, near Front, which is open all day and night, the chief attractions being the larger bier girls.

Mr. Leonard Lamb, the leading comedian at the Front street Theatre, Baltimore, seems to have contributed much to the success of Miss Maggie Mitchell's recent engagements there. Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams commenced on the 10th Feb., but we presume that Lamb is still as reasonable as usual.

According to recent advice from Australia, W. L. Lytton's Opera Troupe are a luck after weeks of good business at the Victoria Theatre, Sydney, they returned to Melbourne on the 24th inst., on a season on the 24th Sept., opening with "Martha." The engagements expired in Oct., but Lytton, being ten thousand dollars

LADY GODIVA AND PEEPING TOM.
A COVENTRY LEGEND.

DEAR FRANK: Ever on the *qui vive* for new and attractive items for your especial benefit, I have gathered the ensuing incidents, and herewith dish them up for your readers. The term "Send him to Coventry," has been for many years a familiar expression in New York among large bodies of men employed together in one workshop, and signifies giving the cold shoulder. As most people are aware, it has been introduced in America by Englishmen, but loses none of its significance thereby. Coventry, then, is a moderate-sized town, about eighteen miles from here, and bears the most woeful character for dullness except one day in every three years, when a grand procession takes place to commemorate Lady Godiva's extraordinary performance in days gone by. This lady, to free Coventry from an enormous state debt, consented to ride on horseback through the town, in a perfectly nude state; the people were apprized of the affair in due time, and ordered to have all window-blinds and curtains down, with the prospect of transportation to all who dared to show themselves at any window on the eventful day. Faithful to her promise, Lady Godiva (a female of aristocratic mien and bearing an irreproachable character) made a circuit of the town unattended and, as she supposed, unobserved, but on the day following it was ascertained that one man, more curious than the rest, had ventured to open a window-shutter, and was struck blind on the spot! Such is the story told of the affair, and believed in to the present day by a large class of the English people. That Lady Godiva did perform this astounding feat is a matter of history and gospel truth, but as regards Peeping Tom being deprived of sight, there are many who will always be skeptics. In honor to the memory of the eccentric lady of title, a procession takes place there in public every three years, when a lady (?) takes the part of Lady Godiva, and rides through the place with no covering except a flesh dress, or tight-fitting silk gauze, such as worn by ballet girls. This is not the only feature, however, for some hundreds of children, in attractive costumes, take part, and a person taking the character of the Black Prince, with a suit of black armor, acts as an escort to the lady with "nothing to wear." In a prominent street is a life-like representation of Blind or Peeping Tom, as he appeared when our heroine was passing that spot. The day is a great holiday for Coventry, and excursion trains run from all parts of England to accommodate the curious. On a recent celebration, the notorious Madame Wharton, of model artist renown, took the leading part, with her husband as the Black Prince; before starting, Madame got so beastly drunk as to require her husband's support to prevent her falling from her horse—indeed, every successive Godiva has been in a similar plight. The performance over, the modern Eve, properly clothed, has the honor of dining with the Mayor and town-council, and for that day supercedes even royalty itself in the estimation of thousands of her Majesty's loyal subjects. I have conversed with many persons who have witnessed the show, and therefore relate nothing but the truth of this peculiar custom in as delicate a manner as possible. Surely if tens of thousands of both sexes make pilgrimages to see the modern "disreputable" Lady Godiva, there can be no harm in telling of it, but whether such proceedings would be tolerated in America is a different thing. At any rate, I trust you will not send me to Coventry for communicating this scrap of information.

E. J.
Birmingham, Eng., Jan. 5th, 1862.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

Of all animated beings this is the most elegant in form and the most brilliant in color. The stones and metals polished by art are not comparable to this gem of nature. She has placed it in the order of birds, but among the tiniest of the race—*maxima miranda in minimis*. She has loaded it with all the gifts of which she has only given other birds a share. Agility, rapidity, nimbleness, grace, and rich attire all belong to this little favorite. The emerald, the ruby, and the topaz glitter in its garb, which is never soiled with the dust of earth, for leading an aerial life, it rarely touches the turf for an instant. Always in the air, flying from flower to flower, it shares their freshness and their splendor, lives on them, and only inhabits those climates in which they are unceasingly renewed. The humming-bird seems to follow the sun, to advance, to retire with him, and to fly on the wings of the wind in pursuit of an eternal spring. One is admiring the clustering stars of a scarlet Cordia, the snowy cornucopias of a Palladia, or some other brilliant and beautiful flower, when between the blossom and one's eye, suddenly appears a small dark object suspended, as it were, between four short black threads meeting each other in a cross. For an instant it shows in front of the flower; in an instant more it steadies itself, and one perceives the space between each pair of threads occupied by a grey fibre. Again, another instant, and emitting a momentary flash of emerald and sapphire light, it vanishes, lessening in the distance as it shoots away, to a speck that the eye cannot take note of. And all this so rapidly that the word on one's lips is still unspoken, scarcely the thought in one's mind changed. How wonderful must be the mechanism which sets in motion and sustains for so lengthened a time, the vibratory movements of a humming-bird's wings! The bird does not usually glide through the air, with the quick, darting flight of a swallow or swift, but continues tremulously moving its wings, while passing from flower to flower, or when taking a more distant flight over a high tree or across a river. When poised before any object, this action is so rapidly performed that it is impossible for the eye to catch each stroke, and a hazy semi-circle of indistinctness on each side of the bird is all that is perceptible.

Although many short intermissions of rest are taken during the day, the bird may be said to live in air—an element in which it performs every kind of evolution with the utmost ease, frequently rising perpendicularly, flying backward, pirouetting or dancing off, as it were, from place to place, or from one part of a tree to another, sometimes ascending, at others descending; it often mounts up above the towering trees, and then shoots off like a little meteor at a right angle. At other times it quietly buzzes away among the little flowers near the ground; at one moment it is poised over a diminutive weed; at the next it is seen at a distance of forty yards, whither it has vanished with the quickness of thought. During the heat of the day, the shady retreats beneath the trees are very frequently visited; in the morning and evening the sunny bank, the verandah, and other exposed situations, are more frequently resorted to.

THE FRENCH POULTRY TRADE.—The whole country rears 30,960,000 hens, yielding 3,715,200,000 eggs, of the value of 148,608,000. (\$29,721,600). When to this we add the value of fowls as food, the number of cocks, pullets and capons, we find that the entire produce of poultry in France may be valued at 182,880,000. (\$35,576,000). But while this may be regarded as the actual produce of France at the present time, an immense increase may be calculated upon. By an improved system of feeding, and by increasing the amount of laying eggs by means of artificial heat, the grand total is enlarged to 835,640,000 (\$167,128,000). Eggs are consumed in Paris to the amount of 3,784,243 lbs. weight annually; and in many parts of the country they constitute, along with bacon, the principal food of the inhabitants. France, as already mentioned, exports to England, in eggs and poultry, to the value of 6,000,000. annually (\$1,200,000), and also largely to Russia, Spain, and Switzerland.

A WORD ABOUT DINNERS.—Would you eat healthful dinners? Eat slowly. Would you eat social dinners? Eat slowly. Would you eat reliable dinners? Eat slowly. Please suffer a short word of exhortation—Eat slowly.



THOMAS MAGUIRE,

PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER OF MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

THE cut which ornaments our present issue will be readily recognized by San Franciscans generally, as well as by numerous patrons here and elsewhere, as a very truthful likeness of the great California theatrical manager.

A biography of Mr. Maguire's California life would embrace the dramatic history of San Francisco, and, in fact, in a great measure, that of the State; but this our newspaper limits preclude, and we must content ourselves with a few slight allusions to persons and things well worthy of more extended notice. We propose to furnish a brief sketch of the California career of a man whose unexampled energy, perseverance, and fertility of resource have enabled him to overcome misfortune and recover from disaster, apparently complete and overwhelming, and secured for him a high degree of consideration amongst his fellows, notwithstanding the depressing effects of educational deprivation.

On the 29th of September, 1849, Mr. Maguire arrived in San Francisco, in the good steamer Oregon, Captain Pearson, and forthwith commenced preparations to secure a location and accumulate the means for the erection of a huge building which he had shipped from New York previous to his own departure, and which he expected to reach there in a few months.

The condition of affairs at that period, and for many succeeding months in California, and especially in San Francisco, has been a favorite theme with writers who were fortunate enough to be there at the time; but, although many well-written productions are extant, we know of none graphic enough to present to the unfamiliar reader, anything like a correct conception of the state of things as they were, and are skeptical of the success of any future wordlimner who may attempt the description.

Suffice it that the magic gold had drawn thither from the shores of Asia and the islands of the sea, representatives of every race and men of every hue. From South America and the Spanish Main, Mexico, and Peru, experienced miners, traders, adventurers, gamblers, thieves, and murderers flocked to the new El Dorado, and more slowly, across the wide continent, by the way of the Isthmus, and around the "Horn," the men of the "States" and of Europe were making for the land whose moral redeemers they were to become. The sudden affluence which the miners ravished from the virgin land, now first visited by civilization, speedily centered in San Francisco, where it was as lavishly expended as it had been easily acquired. There, then, the bold and sagacious operator found his true field, and wealth, almost fabulous in amount, was realized with a facility and suddenness nearly as difficult to believe as one of Sinbad's stories.

We have felt that these brief remarks as to the condition of San Francisco were pertinent on this occasion, as the necessary explanation of the gigantic operations of Mr. Maguire in San Francisco soon after his arrival there.

In February, 1850, the building so long expected was landed in safety, and with it a large number of billiard tables, and appliances for a first-class saloon. Mr. Maguire had secured the site now occupied by the City Hall, on the east side of Portsmouth Square, where he proceeded to put up his house. The building, with the additions made to it, covered a space of 60 by 160 feet. In the basement were six ten pin alleys; on the ground floor, the bar-room and fifty tables for the various games then in vogue; the next floor was used as a billiard saloon, and in this there were ten tables. The upper story was divided into thirty-six apartments, used as lodging rooms. When it is remembered that lumber was at that time worth \$550 per thousand feet, and that mechanics received from \$12 to \$20 per diem, our readers will not be surprised that the first Parker House, built by Mr. Maguire, exclusive of ground, worth at that time a quarter of a million, cost \$260,000. The income, however, was proportionate. The alleys and billiard rooms were constantly occupied by players, who paid one dollar a game. The lodging rooms were sought for with avidity, at rates which would now be considered dear for first-class residences on Stockton street. The gambling tables paid a revenue of \$40,000 per month, and the business of the bar, attended to by eight or ten active young men, was of course enormous.

The rapid return for an immense outlay was, however, brought to an abrupt termination. Fire—that fell enemy of early San Francisco settlers—totally consumed the Parker House and its contents on May 4, 1850, in common with almost every important building in the city. Undismayed by this disheartening occurrence, Mr. Maguire went to work with as much energy that within forty days he re-opened a new Parker House of the same dimensions as the old one, and with the large hall above arranged for dramatic representations instead of billiards, and which, in honor of the great songstress, at the suggestion of H. H. Byrne, Esq., he called the Jenny Lind Theatre. This

structure cost \$180,000. It was opened successfully by Mr. and Mrs. Stark.

On May 4th, 1851, there was another great fire, which swept off the house we have just described, leaving not even a vestige for the eye to rest upon.

Unembarrassed by any encumbering ruins, Mr. Maguire, within a marvelously short time, covered the same site, for the third time, with a grand building—this time principally destined for dramatic representations—and which he also called the "Jenny Lind." The cost of this structure was \$155,000, and it was, for the time in which it was erected, a very handsome and comfortable edifice, being hand finished throughout, presenting a very pleasing and important contrast to the flimsy "cloth walls" then so universal in San Francisco. This theatre was opened under the management of Mr. and Mrs. James Stark, with a good company, and to overflowing houses. If the expenses of a theatrical representation at that time were enormous, so also were the receipts if the company could only "draw," if we may judge from the prices of admission. These were, dress circle, \$5; parquette, \$3; and \$2 for the other parts of the house. Scarcely were the walls of the new building dry, when it was also devoured by the flames; on the 14th of June, eight days after the opening, Mr. Maguire's third structure was totally destroyed.

Feeling now that he had presented a sufficient number of "burnt offerings" in the way of expensive wooden structures, and perceiving that it was possible to obtain materials of a less inflammable description for building purposes, which previously it had not been, he resolved to put up a substantial brick and stone building on the old and favorite site, upon which lay the ashes of nearly \$600,000, expended in buildings and furniture. The present City Hall is a lasting monument of the untiring energy and unceasing perseverance of Mr. Maguire, and of his ability to surmount difficulties and disasters of the crushing nature of those with which he had to contend. That building he completed in the early part of 1852, when it was opened under the favored name of the "Jenny Lind," with a choice theatrical company brought out expressly by Mr. Maguire, at the head of which was Mr. J. B. Booth—still so widely popular throughout the State—and wife, and associated with them were Mr. and Mrs. Woodward, Fred Kent, Miss Kate Gray, Jack Dunn and Celeste.

The rapid reduction in the expense of building between the time of the construction of the Parker House and that of the erection of the new Jenny Lind is shown by the fact that the expenditure for the latter was only \$196,000, although it was composed of durable materials procured at high cost. The front, of Sydney stone, cost \$36,000, and the bricks in the walls were purchased at \$40 per thousand from vessels in which they were brought as ballast; but then lumber was only \$110 per thousand, and mechanics could be had from seven to ten dollars per diem.

The construction of this building left Mr. Maguire much embarrassed, and in process of time, with laudable anxiety to protect his creditors, both large and small, he effected a sale to the city authorities, taking for the property \$200,000 in city scrip, worth at the time \$125,000 in cash. With this scrip Mr. Maguire satisfied the mass of those to whom he was indebted, protecting those who held small demands, who, but for this sale, would have probably lost all that was due them in legal proceedings instituted by the heavier claimants, which would also have been crushing to Mr. M. It is creditable to that gentleman amidst this and subsequent pecuniary troubles of the most embarrassing nature, he has never availed himself of the bankrupt facilities, which, under the liberal laws of California, have furnished means for the ready discharge of inconvenient debts to so many fraudulent or unwilling debtors. The sale of this property to the city has in times past been the subject of severe comment, striking at the integrity of parties concerned. When, however, we are informed that the expenditure at that time for rents of municipal offices, station-houses, etc., many of them in rickety and dangerous shanties, was \$96,000 per annum, and that many persons were looking anxiously for profitable contracts on a prospective grand City Hall, we may perhaps conclude that much of the grumbling proceeded from landlords made tenantless, and defeated expectants.

In December, 1852, Mr. Maguire opened the San Francisco Hall on the site of the present Opera House. The great and lamented "sweet singer of Ireland," Miss Kate Hayes, appeared for four consecutive nights to immense houses in the latter part of December, and on the 1st of January, 1853, it was placed under the management of J. B. Booth. That year the Legislature sat at Benicia, and our enterprising manager opened a public house there, in which he made a great amount of money, and when, in the ensuing season, the Legislature removed to

Sacramento, that removal could not be successfully effected until Mr. M. was secured in the sum of eight thousand dollars, paid by the Sacramentoans for the loss and damage accruing to him from the change.

But the enterprise of Mr. Maguire was not confined to San Francisco, nor restricted within the limits of the Bay; and fire, which had proved so destructive to his interests in the metropolis, followed him to other fields of operation. In August, 1852, he bought for \$55,000, from Dr. Spalding and others at Sacramento, the American Theatre, a large frame structure occupying on J street a part of the same ground lately covered by the Forrest Theatre. On the second day of November, of the same year, the city was almost totally destroyed by a fire, which swept away whole streets of buildings, and which burnt over nearly two hundred acres of surface, leaving only here and there a solitary house to indicate where once had been a city. Learning of this new disaster, Mr. Maguire, with his wonted promptitude, purchased a large frame building occupied by Rising, Casselli & Co., auctioneers, at the corner of Sacramento and Sansome streets, took it apart, and shipped it at a freight of \$1,000 on the steamer West Point to Sacramento, where, in a few days, it was again erected and newly painted and ornamented, appeared upon the site of the late American Theatre as the Marion House. In 1855, Mr. Maguire, in conjunction with the late Mr. James Cook, built the Forrest Theatre in Sacramento, at a cost, exclusive of the lots, of \$80,000. This building, which was a very fine one, was recently burned, and so much injured that it will probably not be rebuilt. In addition to the building enterprises of Mr. Maguire, which we have already mentioned, there were a number of others in which he was more or less directly interested. While the Legislature sat in the famed city of Vallejo, Mr. Maguire had a house in that place, for which he realized a princely sum. He was also interested with Mr. French, the architect, in connection with Mr. Smyth Clarke, in building the old Metropolitan Theatre, which was opened by Mrs. Sinclair with so much eclat, and for which she paid the enormous rental of \$36,000 per annum. In 1858, Mr. Maguire built the present Opera House, which he conducts with distinguished liberality and ability, and successfully sustaining its proud position as the "Old Drury" of the city. At this time Mr. M. is the proprietor, not only of the house just mentioned, but of the Metropolitan Theatre, Sacramento, and the Marysville Theatre, in which houses he from time to time alternates the superior company organized by him nearly a year ago.

We have aimed in the few incidents we have collected to present Mr. Maguire as he is—a man whose indomitable determination has overcome difficulties of the most discouraging description, still maintaining, in the face of every obstacle, the coolness and energy essential to success. Those most familiar with the history of the city from the days of 1849 will bear witness that we have written a truthful, if it is a meagre, narrative.

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